

# Events in Field of Electricity

**Fighting for Telephone Monopoly.**  
THE liveliest kind of a struggle for telephone competition is going on in New York City. The New York Telephone company now controls the field and is putting up the fight of its existence to maintain its monopoly. Seeking entrance to the city is the Atlantic Telephone company, a consolidation of independent companies operating telephone systems in the nearby towns. This company is strongly backed and is giving the Bell company a warm run for the business. Both companies are bombarding the public through the advertising pages of the papers. It is the skirmish in Omaha last year developed into a battle royal in Greater New York.

The New York company has heretofore charged "all the traffic will bear" and has successfully resisted efforts for relief through legislative enactment. Consequently the company is in decidedly bad odor. It has scarcely a disinterested friend in the present contest. Public spirit as reflected by the newspapers is decidedly against the company and also against a dual telephone system. There is, however, a distinct determination to admit competition unless the existing company makes a radical reduction of rates. An unsatisfactory response to that sentiment is made by the company, effective July 17. The old rate is 10 cents per message for 500 or less messages a year, gradually declining to 7 cents per message for 3,000 messages a year. The new scale runs from 8 cents to 46 cents per message in corresponding numbers, an average of 7 cents a call.

The Atlantic company has not been able to secure a franchise from the city and is now seeking through the courts to utilize a franchise granted twenty years ago for a messenger service. The rates the new company offers: ranges from 5 cents per message for 50 to 36 cents per message for 4,500 or more per year. The flat rate leased on calls ranges from \$20 for 99 calls, to \$125 for 4,500 calls per year.

**A New Electric Lamp.**  
An Austrian chemist, Dr. Hans Kuzel, has, after many years' hard work, succeeded in constructing a new electric lamp, which he calls the Syrus lamp. As is well known, incandescent gaslight is cheaper than electric light because the filament wires of the latter are very expensive and the glass bulbs soon wear out. Dr. Kuzel has now invented a new substitute for the glow-thread by forming out of common and cheap metals and metalloids colloids in a plastic mass, which can be handled like clay and which, when dry, becomes hard as stone. Out of this mass very thin wire threads are then shaped, which are of uniform thickness and of great homogeneity. These two characteristics are of great value in the technique of incandescent lamps. The Kuzel or Syrus lamp hardly needs one-quarter of the electric current which the ordinary electric lamp with a filament wire requires. Experiments, it is asserted, have shown that the lamp can burn for

2,500 hours at a stretch. Another advantage is that the intensity of the light of the new lamp always remains the same, the lamp bulbs never becoming blackened, as is now the case. The new lamp, it is said, will be put on the market next autumn.

## An Electrical Tea Party.

The clubmen of New York women were electrified recently. It was not an election. It was an electrical tea given by Dr. Frances Wallach Monell, who invited 50 members of the clubs to which she belongs to take tea with her at her home, 230 West One Hundred and Seventh street, with everything in the way of refreshments cooked by electricity. All the 800 came.

## Electric and Steam Locomotives.

"One advantage of the electric locomotive which may be overlooked," says The Western Electrician, "relates to the matter of layovers in the roundhouse after the completion of a run. Steam locomotives, after a run of 100 miles or more, must lay over to enable attendants to examine and clean the boiler. This loss of time means a considerable loss of earning power of the equipment, especially in short runs, for the time required for the layover after a short run is about as long as after a long run. If the water of the district is poor the boiler must be washed, taking time for cooling and for refilling. If the boiler is fired by oil the delay is longer than otherwise on account of the heavy lining of firebrick in the firebox, which holds its heat for several hours. With the electric locomotive, it is needless to say, loss of time for boiler cleaning is done away with. This means that the capacity for earning dividends is increased."

## Practical Wireless Telegraphy.

Many an anxious reader in days past has read with joy a line which stated that a particular steamer had "passed the Lizard," says the Chicago Tribune. That was sure evidence of the early completion of the long voyage across the Atlantic. Even that record represented the triumph of human ingenuity, for the information was sent from the Lizard to the cable under the sea to America, thus giving tidings of a vessel much ahead of the time of actual completion of the ocean trip. But now the

dispatch reads, "Lizard-Steamer Philadelphia from New York reported 240 miles west of this place at 1:30 a. m.; probably will reach Plymouth about 4:30 p. m."

Now, when the Lizard gets into communication with a vessel 240 miles to the west, and Blackstone, Mass., is able to report that a steamer was 100 miles east of Nantucket Lightship at 3:30 a. m., and would probably reach its dock at 7 o'clock the next morning, it is evident that the ocean is steadily shrinking and that, with the vessels getting larger and faster each year, and the two continents actually joined in communication through a steamer 1,500 miles from any land, the traveler need not be out of touch with the happenings of the world for more than one day at most instead of the six or more of the past.

This new development of means of communication may result in reducing the benefits of ocean travel, among which has always been counted the possibility of getting entirely away from the newspapers and their record of the world's doings, and so of having the mind entirely free from the anxious strain which attends a lively connection with the activities of existence. But, on the other hand, it may tend to stimulate desire to travel by relieving the fears of many who have dreaded to get out of touch with their own even for the short space of a week. The improvement in transmission of news which the wireless telegraphy, when perfected, may make will be but another step in the steady progress of science toward the reduction of the size of the earth until every man may touch elbows almost with his neighbor half way round the globe.

## Music by Electricity.

Now an invention has been wrought out that produces music by electricity. It is capable of producing—not reproducing, but producing—music of rare beauty and purity. A visit to a shop in Holyoke, Mass., shows a machine that is really manufacturing music, relates The World's Work.

Dr. Thaddeus Cahill, the inventor, declares that it is as easy to create music as it is to send a telegraphic message. At a keyboard of his device a performer—or there may be two—lightly presses down the keys, and at receivers, perhaps many miles distant, music pours forth. In pressing the keys the performer throws upon a wire a vibration or a set of vibrations which turns into aerial vibrations or audible music, when they reach the diaphragm of a telephone receiver. The vibrations stand for notes and tones and they scurry along to do their work the instant they are released. The performer is conscious only of the music he produces. He does not consciously hear it and he need know nothing of the mechanical process he sets in action by the pressure of his fingers on the keys. Yet under his fingers the electrical vibrations act tractably and instantaneously. At will he turns an exhaustless supply of different kinds of vibrations to produce at a distance just the sounds he desires.



## Soda Fountain Drinks

Are largely composed of chemical concoctions (colored with coal-tar dyes) and often work havoc with the human stomach, causing dyspepsia, heartburn, and "drying up of the blood," whereas a rich natural barley brew like

## Gund's Peerless Beer

Acts as a tonic and aids digestion, enriches the blood wonderfully and promotes the health and longevity of men and women. Peerless is really a temperance drink, because it never contains more than 3 1/2% of alcohol—not enough to hurt anyone.

Dr. I. M. P. Southwick, La Grange, N. C., says: "I do not think the moderate use of good beer injurious to the health of adults. I believe it to be a great benefit to some people both as a beverage and by aiding digestion and assimilation. I think beer is of food value to the human organism."

Peerless is brewed from choicest barley malt and the very finest hops, by the celebrated Gund Natural Process. This process retains and develops the strength of the grain and the fragrance of the aromatic hops in a most wonderful way.

Peerless is bottled at the brewery only. Delivered anywhere in cases. Sold at all high-grade bars, restaurants and dining cars. A splendid home beer. Telephone a trial order. You never tasted a more delicious brew. Sparkling, wholesome, pleasant and pure.

## John Gund Brewing Co., La Crosse, Wis.

W. C. HEYDEN, Manager, 1320-22-24 Leavenworth St., Omaha, Neb. Telephone, Douglas 2344.

BARNHART & KLEIN, Wholesale Distributors, 162 West Broadway, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

# Stories and Tales for the Little Folks

## Evergreen Little Girls.

COMING a real little village," cried Jeanie admiringly.

"Yes, and aren't they just lovely cottages?" added Jean, stepping back to get a better view.

There were six small girls, and they were all standing by the cedar bushes, looking at three little play houses they had just finished building. Each house was covered over with evergreen boughs, and looked delightfully pleasant and cool.

All that summer the little girls had good times, playing at fixing up their houses, having doll's tea parties or going visiting; and only once there was even the beginning of a quarrel. That was when Uncle Harold came down for afternoon call, and each little girl wanted him to stay with her for tea. He obligingly offered to eat three teas, but—"No! that was worse than tramps," they assured

him. Then six little frowns appeared on six little faces, at which Uncle said:

"Oh, well! of course 'Evergreen' little girls are always just as cheerful and pleasant when they do not get their own way as when they do," and Uncle smiled at each little housekeeper as he spoke. "They wouldn't be like the evergreen at all if they weren't, you see, because it always seems just as green and pleasant in cloudy, cold, disagreeable weather as it does in nice, sunny days."

The six little girls of "Evergreen Hill" looked at each other and smiled. Then they said cheerfully: "We'd like you to go to Maudie's tea party today because she is the smallest, but be sure and come back to see the rest of us some other day. We know you'll have a good time with Maudie."

"Thank you," said Uncle. "I won't forget because 'Evergreen' little girls are always ready to be pleasant and cheerful, even when they have to give up their own way, or when things seem to go wrong, are just the kind I like to visit."

and they all waved goodbye to Uncle Harold until he was out of sight—Isabel E. Nicol, in Jewels.

## A Setter.

This that follows is really funny. It is told by a Georgia "gentleman of the old school," who is noted for his dry humor:

"I heard a good story the other day about a horse, and must tell it to the children. A man had a horse who would sit down whenever he was touched in the flank. He would just squat on his hind quarters like a dog. The man tried to break him of it, but he couldn't, and nobody would buy him. One day a sportsman came along and made his acquaintance, and they took a ride together to hunt partridges. When they found a covey, the sportsman touched his horse's flank and he sat down. 'What makes your horse do that?' said the sportsman. 'Why, he's a setter,' said the man. 'He sets birds just like a dog.' So the sportsman thought he was a most wonderful horse, and he swapped for him and

gave \$50 to boot. And he got on him, and after a while they came to a creek that was pretty deep, and as the sportsman held up his legs to keep them out of the water he touched the horse in the flank, and down he sat in the water. When he got him up and out and was all dripping wet he was as mad as a wet hen and said: 'Well, sir, what made this horse do that way in the water?' 'I forgot to tell you,' said the man, 'that he sets fish just as well as he does birds.'"

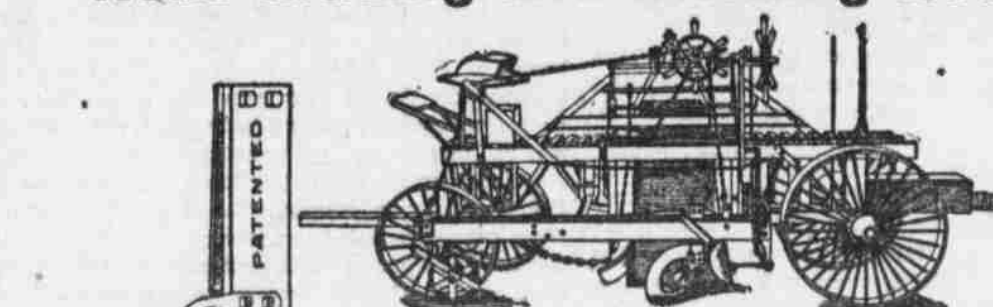
## Why He Had Clean Hands.

"Now, Tommy," said the fond mother, "look at that little man over there. He doesn't go around playing with bad boys on the lots and lumber piles. Look how white and clean his hands are."

Tommy looked at the soft, mushroom-like hands of the lad on the corner, and then his brow contracted in a frown.

"Aw," he sneered, "that's one of them kids that their mothers keep home and make them wash the dishes."

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One third more work accomplished in the same time than with the old style plow attachment. Our attachment works well in wet places where the old style plow will not work. Our rotary plow cuts through any kind of soil and rubbish, and rolls over rocks and other obstructions. Our rotary disc is specially made for us, being heavy 3-inch thick. Our patent roller and ball bearings prevent friction and wear. This patent attachment can only be purchased from The Disc Grader and Plow Co., of Hunter, N. D., or its authorized agents. For circulars and particulars, address:

The Disc Grader and Plow Company, Hunter, North Dakota

Canyon, Texas, April 1, 1906.  
To The Disc Grader & Plow Co., Hunter, N. D.  
I have been using your attachment on my rotary for the last ten days and think it the best tool I ever used. I would not change back to the past few days and find it a good tool. In places where another plow will not scour, this will, and do it much easier than any other plow and throw much more earth on the elevator with less labor on the machine and stock. I do not think any contractor running grading machines can afford to be without it. Yours truly,  
J. J. LAMOREAUX, Contractor.  
Bancroft, Neb., Nov. 2, 1905.  
The Disc Grader & Plow Co., Hunter, N. D.  
Gentlemen: I received the guarantee for the Rotary Disc Plowing Attachment for Grading Machines and in reply, can say to you that I have used more dirt in the length of time than ever before and am well pleased. Yours truly,  
J. E. OWEN, Railroad Contractor.

# Sketches About People Well Known in Public and Official Life

## Carl Schurz as a Pilot.

WE ALL realize that the release of Carl Schurz is a heavy loss to the country; some of us realize that it is a heavy loss to us individually and personally. "As a rule I have had a sufficiency of confidence—perhaps overconfidence—in my ability to hunt out the right and sure political channel for myself, and follow it to the deep water beyond the reef without getting aground; but there have been times, in the last thirty years, when I lacked that confidence—then I dropped into Carl Schurz's wake, saying to myself, 'he is as safe as Ben Thornburgh.' When I was a young pilot on the Mississippi nearly half a century ago, the fellowship numbered among its masters three incomparables: Horace Bixby, Jack Jolly and Ben Thornburgh. Where they were not afraid to venture with a steamboat, the rest of the guild were not afraid to follow. Yet there was a difference: of the three, they preferred to follow Thornburgh; for sometimes the other two depended on native genius

and almost inspirational water reading to pick out the lowest place on the reef, but that was not Ben Thornburgh's way: if there were serious doubts he would stop the steamer and man the sounding barge and go down and sound the several crossings and lay buoys upon them. Nobody needed to search for the best water after Ben Thornburgh. If he could not find it, no one could. I felt that way about him; and so, more than once I waited for him to find the way, then dropped into his steamer's wake and ran over the wrecks of his buoy on half steam until the leadman's welcome cry of 'mark twain' informed me that I was over the bar all right, and could draw a full breath again.

"I had this same confidence in Carl Schurz as a political channel finder. I had the highest opinion of his inborn qualifications for the office; his Bismarckian honor, his unassailable patriotism, his high intelligence, his penetration; I also had the highest opinion of his acquired qualifications as a channel finder. I believed he could read the political surfaces as accurately as Bixby could read the faint and fleeting signs upon the Mississippi's

face—the pretty dimple that hid a deadly rock, the ostentatious wind reef that hid nothing under it, the sleek and inviting dead stretch that promised quarter-less tawain and couldn't furnish six feet.

"I have held him in the sincerest affection, esteem and admiration for more than a generation. I have not always talked with him politically, but whenever I have doubted my own competency to choose the right course, I have struck my two-tape and one (get out the port and starboard leads), and followed him through without doubt or hesitancy."

## Changing Names.

Champ Clark is going to support the amendment to the immigration bill introduced in the house by James Francis Burke, which allows an alien when he takes out naturalization papers to choose a name that his English speaking neighbors will be able to pronounce. Thereby hangs a tale related by the Pittsburgh Dispatch. "The Missouri senator," says the paper, "James Francis Clark. He never writes that way at all, unless it is in a matter of great solemnity. Champ is the very best name in the country, he believes."

"You never have the newspapers saying Representative Clark of Missouri when they want to say something nice about me," observed the Missourian. "They say Champ Clark because it is easy."

Now Clark came to shorten his name is interesting. The first time he went away from home he realized that there were many J. B. Clarks in the country. He went to Lexington, Ky. All the letters he girl wrote him were signed by James B. Clark that lived there and all were sent back endorsed, "Not for me," and signed by the other James B.

Clark tried writing it merely Beauchamp. He knew that was a good name, but he was looking for a name that was up-to-town riding academy to enable them to make a showing in the police parade this year. Father Clark served as chaplain in the United States navy and was on the Maine when it blew up. The first time he

saw his charger he looked it over critically and then clambered aloft. When the lesson was over Mr. Wade asked his brother minister how he liked it. "Well, just between ourselves," was the guarded reply, "I think I would rather be back in the navy."

## Seeing Discontent.

Charles E. Hughes, a very effective after-dinner speaker, talks usually in serious vein, but he is never without a good story to point the morals he draws. The other night, speaking of professional agitators before the Manufacturers' association of New York, he told this one: "The howl about discontent and unrest in this country," he said, "reminds me of the evening in the presidential campaign of 1896 when a party of gentlemen stood before the Hoffman house. A man who is very well known in New York said: 'Gentlemen, if William McKinley is elected president you will see the army of discontent and unrest, gathered from all parts of the country, encamped on the Jersey heights and threatening your capitalistic city. Mark my words!' Judge, if you will go in and take another drink you will see them there now."

## A Warm Retort.

The late Senator Wolcott of Colorado, who was an ardent republican campaigner, was delivering a stump speech in a red-hot democratic community of the south. He had a large audience, the white people occupying the "pit" and the negroes the gallery. During his speech he became a little too ardent to suit his democratic hearers and after making an unusually telling point for the republican side one southern listener gave out an impulsive "Rats!" Wolcott stopped short and quietly surveyed the sea of colored faces in the gallery as though looking for aid. Finally he singled out one and beckoning him with his finger he said: "Will the waiter please come down and take the Chinaman's order?"

## The President as a Talker.

"While in camp on the Yellowstone," relates John Burroughs in the Atlantic, "we always had a big fire at night in the open near the tents, and around this we sat upon logs or camp stools, and listened to the president's talk. What a stream of it he poured forth, and what a varied and picturesque stream it was— anecdotes, history, science, politics, adventure, literature; bits of his experience as a ranchman, hunter, rough rider, legislator, civil service commissioner, police commissioner, governor, president—the frankest confessions, the most telling criticisms, happy characterizations of prominent political leaders or for-

eign rulers, or members of his own cabinet, always surprising by his candor, astonishing by his memory and diverting by his humor. "His reading has been very wide, and he has that rare type of memory which retains details as well as mass and generalities. One night something started him off on ancient history, and one would have thought he was just fresh from his college course in history, the dates and names and events came so readily."

"Another time he discussed paleontology, and rapidly gave the outlines of the science and the main facts as if he had been reading up on the subject that very day. He sees things as wholes, and hence the relation of the parts come easy to him."

## Canadian Captain of Industry.

From a mill hand to a millionaire; from a worker on railroads to a railway magnate and lumber king—such is the history in outline of J. R. Booth, the possessor of about 6,000 square miles of Canadian timber wealth, and the largest owner in his own right of railways in British North America, says The Technical World.

Seeing Mr. Booth driving around the city of Ottawa, Ont., in an old-fashioned buggy, quietly dressed, after the manner of a well-to-do farmer, one would scarcely imagine, from outside appearances, that he was a prince of industries. But attention once called to him the observer cannot fail to meet the forceful, self-reliant and energetic countenance which looks from beneath the narrow-rimmed soft felt hat, covering a rich crop of hair, once of a sandy color, but now of a silvery hue.

## Passed Him Up.

"Look here, Senator Tillman," shouted an excited southerner as he burst into the senator's room at the Colonial hotel a few nights ago. "I hear that under this new rate bill they have abolished 'Jim Crow' cars and that niggers can ride with us white folks in the south." Senator Tillman smiled and said nothing. "And I hear," the wrought-up visitor continued, "that they are going to put that old stiff ex-Senator Chandler at the head of the commission to enforce the law. Is that so?"

"I don't know," said Senator Tillman. "but this gentleman on my right is Senator Chandler. You might ask him."

He is a Brick.  
The Maharajah Gaskwar of Baroda has been voted a brick by the Gotham newspaper men who have met him. There were more than a dozen interviewers awaiting his highness when he arrived at the Waldorf-Astoria. After a short wait, out walked the maharajah, smiling pleasantly. He had his hands in his trousers pocket in a boyish sort of way. He shook hands all round and then motioned his callers to seats, after which he himself sat down.

"It's a fine day," he said by way of opening the conversation; and after that he was never flagged. However, his highness produced a wonderful impression on his interviewers, many of whom had been interviewing Oriental diplomats for years. Unlike Li Hung Chang and Count Witte, he never asked a question. Not once did he ask a reporter if he was married, and if not why not.

## Pointed Paragraphs

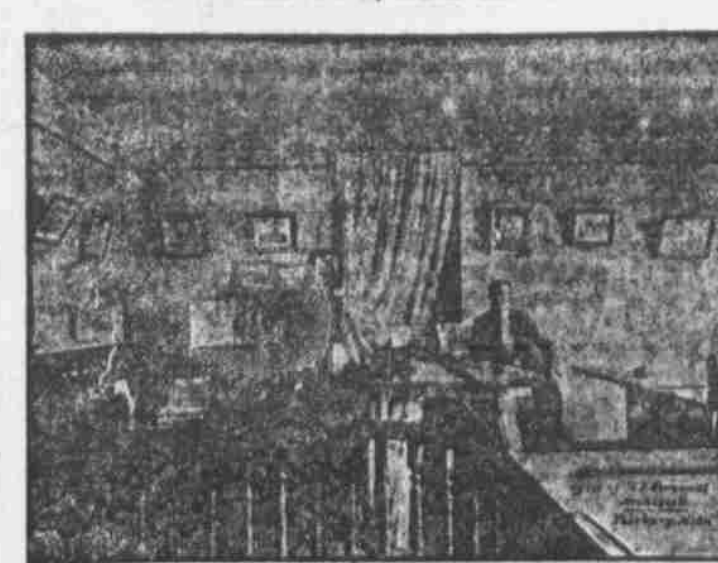
It is easy to expect others to set good examples. Sometimes money talks, but more often it stope talk.

Any man who says "I don't care" is either a liar or a fool.

At least the toes of the man who waits are sure to turn up.

One secret of success is the ability to keep your own secrets.

## OUT THIS OUT, AND SAVE IT.



The above picture shows a portion of the interior of one of the most up-to-date Architectural offices in the west and recently opened for business by W. F. Gerhardt, the well known Architect and Superintendent, at Fairbury, Neb. Mr. Gerhardt wishes to make himself known throughout the west, to future builders who wish to obtain the very best Architectural services, covering nearly all classes of building construction. Special attention given to out of town business. Correspondence solicited.

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